

Dean Everitt Yale (1892–1945)

Origin and Family

Born Sept 23, 1892. Died Sept 29, 1945, age 53.

Father: [Rodney Horace Yale \(1864–1937\)](#)

Mother: Minnie Elizabeth Dennis (1866–1932)

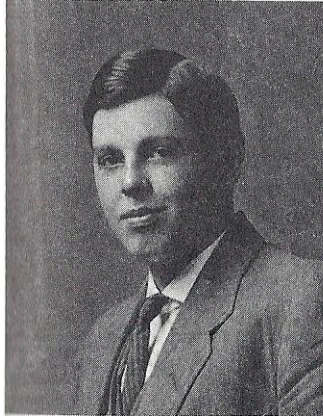
Spouse: Mildred Harriet Bradley (1894–1977)

Children:¹

- Bradley J. Yale (1914–1973)
- Donald Rodney Yale (1916–1995)
- Dean Yale, Jr. (1919–1991)
- [Max Raymond Yale \(1918–1997\)](#)
- [William Alton Yale \(1926–2010\)](#)

From Rodney Horace Yale¹: “Dean Everitt Yale, third son of the author of *The Yales and Wales*, graduated in 1911 from Beatrice, Nebraska High School, where he was captain of the football team which dominated the widely known Farm Belt League of Southeastern Nebraska for several years around 1909. He attended the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.”

“On March 4, 1912, Mr. Yale married Mildred Harriet Bradley in Marysville, Kansas. She was born in Beatrice, Nebraska, on March 3, 1894.”¹ He was 20 years old and she was 18 at the time of their marriage.”¹



DEAN E. YALE



MILDRED HARRIET (BRADLEY) YALE

“Her father, Clarence Anglum Bradley, M.D., was the only physician-surgeon in Gage County, Nebraska for fifty years. In winter, he made house calls to remote farm settlements by horse-drawn sleigh – sometimes with wolf packs following him. Part of his income was in the form of farm products. The Bradley and Yale families were long-term neighbors in the small city of Beatrice, Nebraska.”¹

“In 1914, Mr. Yale and his wife assumed the management of one of his parents’ western Nebraska farms alongside the Platte River at Brule. Four years later, in 1918, after considerable success on the large experimental farm, Mr. and Mrs. Yale and the first three of their five sons moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where Mr. Yale joined his father and two brothers in the family manufacturing firm. He accepted the assignment as superintendent of the factory.

In 1923, one year after the firm had closed, Mr. Yale drove a 1923 Studebaker “Big Six” with his wife and their first four children to Southern California. The journey lasted three months and followed the old covered wagon trail through the Donner Pass. There were few good roads – some paving was found on main streets of infrequent towns. Long distances were traveled along the old trails where no roads existed. Places such as Lake Tahoe were uninhabited, primitive places.”¹ See Attachment B below for an interesting letter by Mildred H. Yale about the trip.



Dean and his family first visited Sacramento, Oakland, and San Francisco before heading south to Long Beach. They considered settling in both San Diego and Long Beach but eventually chose San Diego, preferring the climate and avoiding the heavy traffic in Long Beach at the time.²

A letter by Mildred H. Yale, wife of Dean E. Yale, chronicled the trip, which included some car breakdowns, camp-outs, and some funny stories involving the children, including Max Yale.² The letter was put to a typewriter in the 1960s and it is attached below.



Dean Everitt Yale appears standing in this photo with R.H. Yale dated 1923.

Occupation and Property



Once in San Diego, Dean and his father Rodney opened the “Yale Realty Company”. It continued operations until the 1980s as a family business, concerning land and community development and sales. Subdivision tracts of vacant lots often sold out over a single weekend of on-site sales.³

Rodney wrote “In San Diego, California, Mr. Dean Yale became a state licensed broker for the Yale Realty Company, a family firm including his father and two brothers.”¹ He was

very active as a major participant in community real property development until his death on September 29, 1945.”²

Early Life in San Diego

In the 1930s, the Great Depression made life difficult, and it certainly affected Dean Everitt Yale and his family. The real estate business must have been challenging and probably contributed to the decision to rent a small farm to supplement their income. From 1935 to about 1941, they rented a 10 acre farm in El Cajon. Their property was on Mollison Drive at Greenfield, north of Broadway. They grew fruits and vegetables and sold them on the street corner. They raised chickens and sold eggs. They raised cows and pigs for food. They had their own water well and a few horses. In those times, El Cajon Valley was all farm land, except for a very small town, and the principal crop was grapes.³

There are a few stories passed down from the sons of Dean Everitt Yale about their father and their life in San Diego. According to the sons, they were not wealthy but always had food on the table and a car or two to drive. With a family of seven, Sunday dinner was always special and usually included an apple pie for dessert. Son Max, who was often concerned about the size of the piece he was given, was assigned the task of dividing the pie into seven portions. He would receive the last piece, so undoubtedly the pieces were precisely cut.³

In the 1920s, they lived very near to Hoover High School and then for a while in North Park at 3701 Herman Street before relocating to their farm in El Cajon. Sons Bradley and Don graduated from Hoover High School in 1932 and 1933, respectively. Max graduated from Grossmont High School in 1936, and Dean Jr. one year later from the same school. Shortly thereafter, the family moved to Van Dyke Street off University in East San Diego. The youngest son, Bill, graduated from Hoover in 1943.²

Dean Everitt Yale was described by his sons as a strict disciplinarian, and apparently had little tolerance for the defiance and stubbornness often exhibited by Max. On one occasion Max found himself being chased through the house by a very angry father, and it did not help matters when Max slammed a door on his father's toe.³

Max's recollections of his father were somber; he described a man with a sour disposition and a heavy-set frame of 240 pounds. Son Bill recalled his father having a hair-trigger temper that was unpredictable. Unfortunately, Max was on the receiving end of harsh and frequent punishment by his father. At the age of 12, he was responsible for the cost of his clothes, his haircuts, dentist bills, and doctor bills. These facts were told to the author by Max in a 1992 taped interview.³ It does not appear that the other brothers received such difficult treatment, and at least one of them, Dean Jr., expressed admiration for their father.

Regardless, all had praise for their mother Mildred. In 1953, the boys chipped in to buy her a brand new 1953 Chevrolet Sedan, which she treasured but rarely, if ever, drove. Mildred H. Yale became president of the San Diego Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). To be a member, you must show that you are descended from a person who fought in the Revolutionary War. See Attachment A below for her lineage to Gideon Bronson, who fought in that war.⁴

In 1941, around the time they moved from the El Cajon farm to Van Dyke Street, Dean and Mildred took an extensive traveling vacation that included stops in Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Connecticut (Yale University), Niagara Falls, and Canada. They filmed highlights of their trip with a movie camera – most likely a 16mm Kodak Cine-Kodak that was new technology at the time – it was only invented in 1936. In 1988 the brothers converted this one-hour travelog to video tape, and the author has a copy. The film includes many images of Dean and Mildred, a very young Bill Yale, Dean Jr. and Don in military uniform, Brad Yale, Max and Midge with their new baby Ray, and some cameos of Rodney Horace Yale.²



End of Life

Dean Everitt Yale died at age 53 on September 29, 1945. He was a smoker and died from cancer. He was interred at Greenwood Mausoleum, San Diego. He was survived by his wife, Mildred (who became a real estate broker later) and his five sons. Mrs. Yale died October 8, 1977 and was interred at the Greenwood Mausoleum in San Diego.²

Research Notes

Online Genealogy References:

WikiTree ID: [Yale-867](#)
FamilySearch ID: [K8T3-1JS](#)
Find a Grave Memorial: [187128231](#)

Further Reading:

- Yale, Max Brian. [Guide to the Max Brian Yale Genealogical Collection](#). *Max Brian Yale Genealogical Collection*. 2025
- Yale, Max Brian. [Yale Family Coat of Arms](#) - Origin and History. *Max Brian Yale Genealogical Collection*, 2025

References

1. Yale, Rodney Horace. [Yale Genealogy and History of Wales](#). Beatrice, NE: Milburn & Scott, 1908.
2. Yale, Donald Rodney, et al. The Yales and Wales. 2nd ed. San Diego, CA: Privately printed, 1980. Revised from the 1908 work by Rodney Horace Yale. Ref. no. 3394, p. 601.
3. Yale, Max Brian. *Private Collection of historical papers and manuscripts*.
4. Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) for Gideon Bronson [Descendant Search](#).



Attachment A: Mildred Harriet (Bradley) Yale ancestry connection to a patriot of the American Revolution

1. The Said Mildred Bradley was the child of Clarence Anglim Bradley born on 28 - Jul - 1859 at Cuba NY, died at Norfolk NE on 21 - Sep - 1949 and his (1st) wife Harriet Eliza Long born on 11 - Sep - 1863 at Delaware IA died at Beatrice NE on 5 - Sep - 1942 married on 28 - Jun - 1882

2. The Said Clarence Anglim Bradley was the child of Solomon James Bradley born on 8 - Mar - 1832 at Cuba NY, died at Friendship NY on 4 - Jul - 1887 and his (1st) wife Elizabeth Anglim born on -- 1832 at Abby Fail Ireland, died at Beatrice NE on 15 - May - 1898 married on 25 - Aug - 1855 married at Nunda NY

3. The Said Solomon James Bradley was the child of Collins H Bradley born on -- 1802 at Dunkirk NY, died at _____ on -- 1869 and his (1st) wife Caroline Van Valkenburg born on -- 1811 at Mt Morris NY, died at _____ on -- 1889 married on (c) -- 1830

4. The Said Collins H Bradley was the child of John Bradley born on -- 1786 at _____, died at _____ on 21 - Dec - 1857 and his (1st) wife Annice Brownson born on -- 1780 at _____, died at _____ on -- 1851 married on -- 1801

5. The Said Annice Brownson was the child of Gideon Brownson born on 3 - Nov - 1739 at Salisbury CT, died at Sunderland VT on 9 - Oct - 1796 and his (1st) wife Cornelia White born on -- 1735 at _____, died at Sunderland VT on -- 1804 married on 16 - Apr - 1761

Patriot of the American Revolutionary War: BRONSON, GIDEON

Ancestor #: A014861 Service: VERMONT Rank: MAJOR
Birth: 4 Oct 1739 WOODBURY CONNECTICUT
Death: 9 Oct 1796 SUNDERLAND VERMONT



Attachment B: Letter by Mildred H. Yale describing the trip from Lincoln to San Diego in 1923

We had no speedometer on the Dodge but Dean kept tab on each days trip on Hudson. We miss that awfully.

C O P Y

San Diego, Cal. Nov. 26, 1923
Monday Eve.

Brad's copy from Patty

Dear Papa--

Well I sure got the surprise of my life when I got your dear, sweet letter tonite. Had the kids to bed and Mr. & Mrs. Yale and Dean and I were sitting around the library table reading when Dean says O gee I'll sure get it for forgetting something, and I says Oh a letter and he pulled it out of his coat. Well since it was the first I'd heard from you since I told you good by that Sat eve. when I was so tired--and had packed up everything--why it seemed awfully long. Gee I couldnt tell you good-bye or even walk up to the corner with you. Well, it rained at Lincoln that nite and so we didn't want to start Sun. so started Monday am about 10 thirty, all spick and span clean in khaki--the car all fresh painted. Well I'll try to tell you as much as I can remember. Mrs. Syverson kept a diary but I was pretty busy caring for my family and trying to keep them safe and sound. Well we got as far as Wood River that nite, camped there, then next day made North Platte, they had a swell camp ground at north platte, hot and cold showers, free gas, etc. Well it was rainy at North P. but the roads were rough but we made Brule the next nite. Their camp ground was rite in town and pretty near the whole town was out to see us. We went over the farm and the trees were so big we could hardly see the house. Next Well at Big Springs, the Hudson broke a spring leaf--bad roads, with our big load. Stopped and we all set around the little hotel and another tourist from Ohio was asleep there on the bench and Max found a big grasshopper on the walk and put it in the tourists hand--he woke up and Max sure giggled. I tried to look sober but couldn't. Well, ~~next camp,~~ (just asked Dean to write the lists of towns we camped, when I got your letter tonite I started to read it then got up and came into the dinning room to be by myself, then went into the bed room, and went on reading, and I guess Dean knew what was up because he came in there and says he will have to write you not to write me any more cause it makes me homesick ha ha. I could see the expression on your face so when you saw the kids swings, and their tree (walnut) and you sure have to make me a visit soon out here.)

Tuesday a.m.

Well, will write some more this a.m. Mrs. Yale is washing a few pieces and I did ours yesterday. Well lets see, I got to Brule didn't I? Well next camp was Kimball, a nice clean place. Next place was a very forsaken gas station where nobody was around for 72 miles, called Wamsutter (Wyoming) I called it Wammutter to Berce and she sure laughed. They hauled water in a big wagon. Our blankets were all damp but we got there nearly sun down, but the air was so dry and high, we made rope lines from car to car, and I dried all our blankets and pillows in a few minutes. Sure boiled that water. Well next we got to Green River, got in there on a Sun. P.M. asked a druggist where Harry lived and he knew and told us. Went down and found Berce and I was so glad to see her and really feel a chair and see a stove, etc. Berce treated us royally and fed us all up. Had that big house to herself and let us share. They had nice comfy apartments and Berce looked fine also Harry. Berce is awfull brave. She told us good by and waved clear down the street as far as we could see each other. We had nice hot baths and got a fresh start. Mr. & Mrs. Syverson went to a hotel, but the tourist park at Green River was a very beautiful place. Well, we got an early start from Berce's after 2 or three days visit, and made Salt Lake City that eve in one days drive. We heard all about that awful cloud burst at Salt Lake which was at Ogden and the camp ground was wet from rains there.



Made beds on the ground every single nite and they never got sick, except Max had quite a touch of LaGrippe. I had to hold him in my arms 2 or three days while traveling, but he went and waded in a ice cold mountain stream on a hot day was what I thought made him sick. Salt Lake was a beautiful city. We took the town in and camped there three days. Next camp was at Nephi Utah, we were leaving the town got out a mile on the prairie and our back axle broke on the big Hudson. We were discouraged thought of telegraphing to Salt Lake for repairs, then thought of the expense, as our funds diminish so rapidly anyway while traveling (had to pay in tourist parks after leaving Nebraska). Dean and Bud made camp rite there beside the road on the prairie, took the Ford, went back to Nephi and Dean brought a man out with a splendid newly over hauled 1920 Dodge touring. Swaped cars rite there and made him give us \$100 to boot and a new tire thrown in and the guy towed our Hudson back to town. Dean paid \$100 for it at Crete Nebraska you know. Well I cried a little cause it was so roomy and comfy and we were so crowded with Pike (our Airdale) that when we got to Delta Utah I went to a meat market to get us a little eats and I asked the butcher (a nice young, jolly fellow) if he didn't want a dog cheap with a pedigree a mile long. He told me he lost his, got run over. So I sold Pike for \$5.00 and Dean was glad because it was impossible to travel with him in the Dodge, he got us muddy and stepped on our grub etc. and then the kids had a good cry. Well the butcher was well pleased and says that there was a female in town and now he'd have some good pups. Well, you know Pike was operated on, so believe me we sure hot footed it out o'there. Ha Ha. Well we had a long long ride across Nevada desert. Saw the foot of the rainbow about 20 feet from us on a mountain a little later then more desert and hundreds of deserted mining camps and shacks. They had had a big rain on the desert the day before so it wasn't quite so hot but the roads were slippery, in fact on the mud flats before we came to the sand, our back rim was pulled off four different times and we couldn't go on so camped on the desert. Jawed the kids if they took a drop more water than necessary, the night was beautiful. Dean got a cyote in the leg with Harry's rifle, which we brought along. Well the roads dried up considerable and we went along next a.m. and rite on the Nevada Utah line we run across an oasis in the desert, a little fruit ranch. Watered their trees from mountain streams and bought gas there at 50¢ per gall. The man hauled it from Ely. The people told us of a wonderful trout stream and camp place called (at the Big Pine). We made for it and camped up there in the mountains under the pine 5 feet ^{three} three. The boys made a pine cone fire and the cold was awful tight in Max's head but it began to loosen immediately when he got that pine smoke and he went rite to sleep. I sent you a picture of our camp there and Dean caught several trout. We had to buy water twice on our trip. Well we almost made Ely next camp 16 miles out of Ely the rim came off again and as Max was sick, we thought we better take him on to Ely. It was dark and freezing cold. So Bud and Verna took Max and Don and I and Jr. on to Ely. Dean and Bradley made camp rite there. They had a visit with a cowboy. Well we got into East Ely (by ignorance) got in a booze joint didn't know it, a sure tough roomin' house. Well went back with a new wheel to Dean 16 mile out next morning and he fixed up the car, and then made for Ruth. Was so excited to see Doris, after repairing the car at Ely we didn't get to Doris until afternoon. I sure liked her husband and I liked her mother-in-law. Had a good visit with Doris poor kid. She wanted me to herself and it bothered her so that there was company there. Well, Dean and Lee went down in the deep mine that nite. I made a batch of fudge and sure made a fire in her cook stove as the evenings one just freezes there. Lee went down to the commissary with me and I stocked up with canned goods, etc. We left Doris' fairly early after 2 days visit. Doris could hardly let me go and Lee had to take her away. I meant a good deal to the lonesome kid, and she enjoyed the boys and Dean too. Some of her own blood you know. Well I didn't dare give vent to my feelings. I felt so lonesome too, no home or not knowing what was ahead but I didn't cry I knew I'd act like



like I did last nite when I got your letter and the flowers. Well we left ^{Doris} ~~Doris~~ and I caught a glimpse of Lee taking Doris in the house. Well Doris knew we had to go back to Ely for repairs for Dodge and would be there 4 or 5 hours, so we went to the tourist park there at Ely to wait. (Nice modern park too) and what do you know? Doris talked Lee into bringing her down, then she 'ditched' him and his Ma, and she and I walked up to Ely business center, she (bless her heart) bought me a wonderful box of candy, (which I hid under the seat of car and later divided) and then we walked over to granstand near the camp ground and had a good visit. She got a lot off of her chest and so did I ha ha. Well Lee came after her and we were about ready to leave. Next camp was Eureka, a desolate once (Wasser) or "wazzer" gold mining camp. Big deserted hotels etc. We camped there in the shelter of an old gold smelter or boiler. Dean couldn't get over the expense of their furnace and huge iron doors on boilers etc going to waste. Well next we camped on the honest to goodness desert ten miles this side of Austin Nevada. I made Dean leave the spot light burn in our tent all nite. I was so afraid of rattle snakes and those kiddies on the ground all four in a row. Well next we camped at Reno, a mountain stream flowed thru the camp, the mosquitoes were so bad that the camp manager brought around citronella to let us rub on our hands and faces. Bought me an iron skillet at Reno and use it every day, just had to have it. Well from Reno we went to Beautiful Lake Tahoe and camped among the pine forest. Dean shot a wild porcupine. Bears and everything were in those woods really. I sent a kodak taken at the lake. It was about 6000 feet high nested in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the water so clear and sparkling that people filled their water bags and drank it. Mrs. Syverson was afraid and made Bud put her tent close to us. Well from there we went on and before we got to next camp we went thru a place called Myers Station or U.S. forest rangers station. It was snowing to beat the band and the boys barefooted. We were sure in the clouds and could see them way below us. We had some terrible mountain grades and narrow roads but the Dodge and Ford managed O.K. we got to the summit of the mountains a big notice gave the elevation etc. I was a boob not to get a picture of that sign. Well next camp after Lake Tahoe was near a little place called "Bradley". They had an awful cute Zoo there. Ha Ha. We all got out to see it. I wrote some cards and wanted them to have the Bradley post mark but didn't get em even mailed as I found em later squeezed down in pocket of car. Well nextcamp was Sacramento a beautiful city but very hot that day. The country was splendid. Acre after acre of grapes and all kinds of fruit. We also saw the big "hill-diggers" there dredging for gold. Oh, papa, don't think I'm telling much because all I can get down is the barest details because each day of our trip could fill a book, HaHa. Well Sacramento had a rotten filthy dirty camp, so next camp was Oakland a nice camp and a grand city. We sure liked Oakland.

(I missed a place called "Kyburz", between Lake Tahoe and Bradley. A real woodsy camp and the American river, a shallow wide clear stream run past our tent. We liked this camp. Beautiful rocks in the water. The highway along here for miles was marked at historic places. Like "here stood a famous road house or inn", all details were given too. Placerville was historic. 1849 gold seekers I guess.)

Well we took the Ferry over to San Francisco, took in the Golden Gate Park and China Town, etc., then left that bloomin' cold city about 2 o'clock, and got to San Jose' and made camp. Went thru Santa Clara before we reached San Jose' all the fruit you ever saw or could believe. Well San Jose' had a good camp nested down in a hollow and it was a different temperature than San Francisco, much more mild and warm. Well next day we made camp at Los Cruces, a natural warm spring came out at the side of the road there. Well the next camp we made Long Beach we went thru Hollywood and Los Angeles to Long Beach.



It was Labor Day and the traffic was one solid stream. Long Beach is about 20 miles from Los Angeles. We made camp at Long Beach arriving about ten o'clock p.m. Next day Dean found Don, but of course we stayed at the camp grounds. Well we did not like Long Beach from the first. Dean got his job all right, but we couldn't find a house etc. and we had made up our minds to see San Diego, came down here and liked its soft balmy climate, its beautiful, clean, wide streets, etc. from the very first. But, it seemed dull here compared to peppy Long Beach (Boom up there, Oil boom) so went back. Rented a Sea Side cottage stayed 3 weeks got the boys in school yet weren't satisfied so came back. Dean got his job here and while it of course takes time to work up in a new place I sure think he will do well. Of course we are just temporarily located here in East San Diego. But the house is modern, furnished, and the boys in school, and it gives us plenty of chance to look around, yet be sort of settled too. I certainly have a good "landlady". She lives back of us. She taught me to make Torry pine needle baskets, she gives me lots of little eats like picalilly etc., told me how to make orange marmalade gave me a lot of flower seed etc etc and the last nice thing she did was----since the folks have been here they wanted to go up to Long Beach, that's about 120 miles from San Diego on paved highway every foot of the way. So they wanted me to go too, so Mrs. Satterlund (landlady) offered to look after Brad and Donnie, sleep over here and get their meals. Wouldn't take a cent for it. She helped em make cloth picture books and gave em ice cream, and they must a had a nice time. We stayed three days at Long Beach. The folks stayed at the apartment and we went down to the Sea Side cottage and rented one by the day. They all remembered us up there and called us by name at that resort. Drove thru Los Angeles worst traffic, a solid stream of people either side on the streets. Met Maude Hershman Dennis and Dick Dennis. Maude asked after all the folks. I told her where each one of the girls were and she said "Little Doris" married!

Wednesday a.m.

Well, they were kidding me last nite about this letter. Mr. Yale asked me if I was going to write another "chapter" today and Dean says I'll have to send it by "freight". I forgot to tell you that when we were in Salt Lake City, on each side of curb on their streets clear mountain water runs down--keeping their streets clean and sanitary. A man in their tourist camp there told us that when we came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains not to go any other route but Lincoln Highway, because he said the scenery was so grand He wouldn't take a thousand dollars for what he saw, and when we got there near Lake Tahoe etc we saw he was right as we got out several times to just look. We got out on a high rock once and looked way down on clouds and mammoth tall forests of pines and glorious colors of sky for back ground, while 5 feet back of us several cold icy, springs bubbling out among hundreds of different kinds of sweet mountain flowers and masses of ferns and moss.

Well, these previous pages don't give much of our trip but more perhaps than you have heard in one letter. I am so glad you have the house all painted and fixed up clean and warm. That front room being chilly was a nuisance after spending so much for coal too. You sure must be having a wonderful fall there. But San Diego climate can't be beat in the world over. No we don't have fog in East San Diego as in the 5 mile ride from the ocean up to our house you go up 500 feet and the fog rarely if ever bothers here, or at least goes away as soon as sun up. But rite down town in the big city they have fogs some mornings but not cold penetrating fog like in Long Beach. Yesterday about 2 o'clock Mrs. Yale laid down for awhile and I drove down to town, when I cam back those old purple mountains about 40 miles east of us looked so close seemed like I could almost reach out and touch



em. You see when we get homesick for snow, and Jack Frost we can take a 45 minute ride and get it. Can also get the beach and ocean and every body bathes in the ocean here the year around. A big battleship "The Texas" and another one too came into the harbor here and the paper said last nite as soon as they get thru "coaling" there will be a "visitors day". Sailor boys take one all thru free. We went down on the fishing pier and bought a fresh "mess" of fish, saw em bringing in big Jew fish had to unload with a hoist. They weighed em there. One was 600 pounds. I know, because I watched em weigh it. There are so many wonderful things out here it don't give a fellow much time to get homesick--until they get letters. Ha Ha.

Say you don't know how I'd love to hold Helen's little girl. Say if I was still in Lincoln I'd a found some way to see them you bet. I hope she trys Eagle brand or Harlicks. I pulled little Jr. rite out of starvation so to speak.

I can't understand why Doris has been sick all Fall. I wish they could come out here. She was real thin when I was there but perhaps that altitude might be to blame, altho' she seemed well and happy.

The boys are doing well in school, Don skipped in the third grade and then his card had five "A's" after skipping. He hurt his ankle while I was gone with a rusty nail and didn't tell ~~my~~ until it got to swelling so had quite a time doctoring it but its lots better. Had to laugh at Max yesterday. He and Junior were out in yard sitting in the sunshine with their grandma, and I heard em talking seriously about God and their grandma told em to be good boys to see God. And Max gets so serious and he got to thinking and says, "well I'll tell you what I'll do grandma, when I want to go to see God, I'll get up on the roof and jump". Rather pathetic on second thought. Then Junior says, "well if we go to see God, will he let us come back?" They just came in with little Mary Lois. She put some sand in their hair and they are having lots of fun trying to hide from her.

Say I mustn't forget to tell you that they expect to strike oil here soon. Look out if they do. Dad and Dean have rented a dandy office for Real Estate. Beginning first of December, "The Yale Realty Co.". Please keep this news quiet until we see how it turns out. They are paving everything out here in East San Diego and new houses galore going up. Well one year ago I was fixing for our Thanksgiving dinner, wish we could all be together this year. Heaps of love to all. Hope mother keeps well, write again soon.

Old mexico is about 15 or 17 miles south. One has to go through a line of custom officers on the border both coming and going. They never bother us just ask if we brought back anything (booze) but we have seen em search a good many cars and they confiscate lots of em.

by —
Mildred H. Yale
Written by Mildred H. Yale
1923